

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

JAN.
No. 6

COMICS

10¢

...ONE THOUSAND
FEET ABOVE
SEA LEVEL THEY
FOUGHT----
SMASHING----
SLUGGING--TO
WIN OR DIE AT
THE END OF THE
BOTTOMLESS
RAVINE BELOW!!

11 PAGES of a
NEW, COMPLETE
BLACKHAWK

in THE VIAL
OF DEATH!

also

THE BLUE TRACER •
LOOPS AND BANKS • SHOT
and SHELL • YANKEE
EAGLE *and others!*

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Secret War News





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ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section I.

IN THAT FROZEN WORLD
ABOVE THE CLOUDS, WHERE
THE MIGHTY ALPS REAR
SKYWARD, *Blackhawk*
BECOMES THE CHAMPION
AND DEATH STALKS CLOSE BE-
HIND... AND LOOMING OVER
THE CIVILIZED WORLD IS
THE BLACK SHADOW OF
**THE VIAL OF
DEATH!**

Charles
Cuddeback

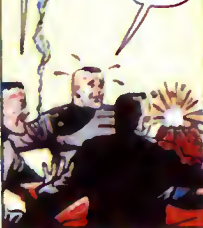
AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS....

JUST ONE LITTLE BOMB ON LONDON, CARRYING DER KILLER GERM...
...AND DER STUPID ENGLISH WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! IT IS VONDERFUL!



...SUDDENLY A SHOT PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS...

VAT DER... DER LIGHTS! WHO DID DAT?



SORRY TO BE SO IMPOLITE, MY FRIENDS, BUT WE'VE COME TO RELIEVE YOU OF THAT DIABOLICAL FORMULA! GIVE IT TO ME!

HEIMEL! WHO ISS DIS MADMAN!



FOOLS! YOU CANNOT GET AWAY VID DIS! FRITZ! DER FLASHLIGHT!

OH NO YOU DONT, FRITZY, OLD BOY!



AND THE BLACKNESS BECOMES A ROARING BEDLAM!

KILL DEM! DEY MUST NOT GET DER SECRET!

OUTSIDE, FATSO!

HEY, GENERAL! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING, GENERAL!



AH, HERE YOU ARE, GENERAL! GIVE ME THAT FORMULA!

SCHWEIN! YOU WILL NOT GET... OOOH!



THANK YOU SO MUCH, GENERAL! NOW THAT I HAVE THE FORMULA WE REALLY MUST BE GOING!



WHO WAS DAT?

QUICK! AFTER THEM!

OOOH, MINE HEAD!



DOSE BLACKHAWKS AGAIN!
IS DERE NO WAY TO STOP
DEM?



HURRY-DEY
ARE GETTING
AWAY!

WAIT! LOOK
UP DERE! OUR
PLANES VILL
GET DEM!!



WITHOUT WARNING, A
FLIGHT OF NAZI FIGHTERS
POUNCE UPON THE
UNPREPARED BLACKHAWKS



AND Blackhawk IS HIT!!

I'M ON FIRE! AND NO
PARACHUTE!



THE FLAMING PLANE
SCREAMS DOWNWARD...



AND CRASHES TO EARTH!

NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE!
THE GREAT Blackhawk
IS DEAD!



PAINFUL MINUTES LATER....

SO DER GREAT
Blackhawk
ISS FINALLY
DEAD!

LOOK!
DO YOU SEE
VOT I SEE!



DAZED, BUT UNHURT,
Blackhawk ESCAPES
IN A NAZI STAFF CAR
STANDING NEARBY...

COME! VE
FINISH HIM
VUNCE AND
FOR ALL!

NO WAIT, I
HAFF A BETTER
IDEA... HE
HEADS FOR
MOUNT
HAEFFEL...



VE WILL PUT A
RING OF STEEL
AROUND DER
MOUNTAIN, AND
CATCH HIM VID
EASE!

VOT A
CHOKE,
PROFESSOR
HAMMEL
WHO DIS-
COVERED
DE GERMAN
ISS LIVING UP
DERE! HA, HA!



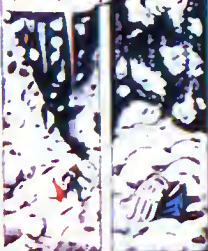
HIGH ON MOUNT HEFFEL,
Blackhawk IS FORCED TO
ABANDON HIS CAR.....

SNOWS TOO DEEP.. HAVE TO
WALK! I WONDER WHERE
THIS ROAD GOES?



BUT SUDDENLY...

NOW WHAT--?



TWO DISTANT FIGURES SEE
THE ACCIDENT, AND
HURRY TO HIS AID....

HE'LL SUFFOCATE,
PIERRE! WE MUST
HELP HIM!



HE'S ALIVE,
MISS ELSA...
WE WERE
JUST IN
TIME!

WE'LL TAKE
HIM TO THE
CHATEAU,
HE NEEDS
CARE!



BUT MISS
ELSA YOUR
FATHER HE
WON'T LIKE
IT!

I KNOW,
PIERRE, BUT
WE CAN'T
LEAVE THE
POOR FELLOW
TO FREEZE!



AT THE CHATEAU
Blackhawk SOON REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS!

WHAT...
WHERE
AM I?

THERE NOW... YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT....
JUST REST!



WHY... YOU'RE...
YOU'RE ELSA
HAMMEL....
YOUR FATHER
IS PROFESSOR
HAMMEL!

Y...YES...BUT...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
FATHER?



I KNOW THAT
PROFESSOR HAMMEL
IS THE MAN WHO
DISCOVERED THE
KILLER GERMS....
THAT DIABOLICAL
WEAPON THE
NAZIS INTEND
TO USE TO WIPE
OUT THEIR ENEMIES!

AH,
DID I
HEAR
MY NAME?



PROFESSOR
HAMMEL!

YES...THAT'S IT!
HAMMEL!
ONE DAY IT
WILL BE
FAMOUS....
WHEN MY GERM
HAS DONE ITS
WORK!



THE GERM WILL NEVER DO ITS TERRIBLE WORK, PROFESSOR. I HAVE TAKEN THE FORMULA FROM THE GESTAPO AND THEY WILL NOT GET IT BACK!



FOOL! YOU CANNOT RUIN MY LIFE'S STUDY LIKE THAT! GIVE IT TO ME!

DO YOU HEAR? GIVE ME THAT FORMULA.... OR YOU DIE!



NO, FATHER. NO, PIERRE. STOP HIM!

LET ME GO, YOU....

BORRY SIR! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



I MUST EXPLAIN! THE GESTAPO BEAT HIM UNTIL HIS MIND....



MY MIND! YES, THAT'S IT! I'M A GENIUS....

MEANWHILE, AT BLACKHAWK ISLAND....

Blackhawk GONE! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE....



NO, IT DOESN'T - BUT... WHAT IF HE'S NOT DEAD! OLAF COULDN'T BE SURE!

YES, SUPPOSE YOU WERE WRONG, OLAF! AND COME ON LET'S GO BACK!



YA, DOT'S IT, VE GO BACK! AND IF HE ISS, SOMEBODY WILL PAY FOR IT!

WHILE ELSA AND Blackhawk TRY TO QUIET THE PROFESSOR....



BUT, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR... WHAT'S THAT?

GESTAPO! UP THE STAIRS, Blackhawk, HURRY!

SO, FRAULEIN HAMMEL! WE ISS HIDDEN! TELL US VERE HE ISS, OR....

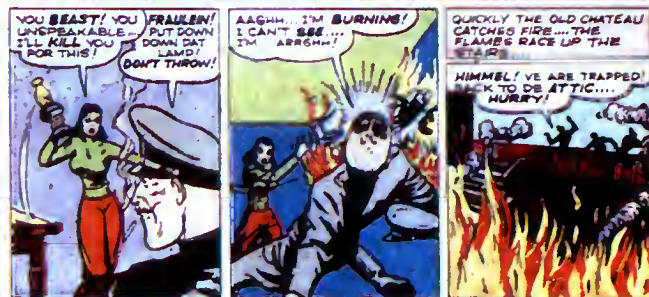


I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! FATHER AND I WERE JUST...

IT ISS NO USE! VE WANT Blackhawk! YOU WILL TELL ME, PROFESSOR.... OR THIS BELT WILL BITE YOU AGAIN!



NO, NO! DON'T HIT ME....



BUT ELSA IS TRAPPED.....



IT'S A GOOD THING I'M
HERE TO CATCH HER!
SHE'S GOING TO HIT
PRETTY HARD!



GOO! RIGHT
THE FIRST
TIME!



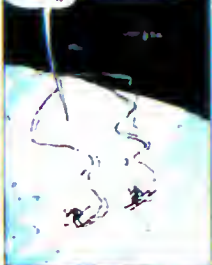
RACING AWAY THEY FIND.....



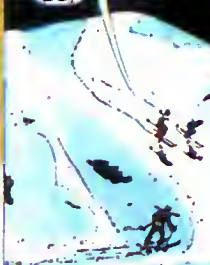
THIS WAY
Blackhawk!
THIS IS THE
FASTEST!



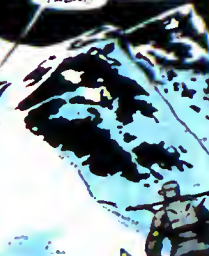
NAZI PLANES! ZIG-ZAG
ELSA!!



Blackhawk LOOK...
THERE... BELOW
US!



PATROLS! KEEP YOUR
NERVE, ELSA! WE'LL
TRY TO CUT BETWEEN
THEM!



AS THEY PLUMMET DOWN
THE SLOPE, ELSA LOOKS
BACK AND FREEZES
IN TERROR.....



WITH A THUNDERING ROAR, THE WHOLE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN STARTS TO SLIDE.... AN AVALANCHE...



THE BULLETS! THEY MUST HAVE STARTED IT!

WE'LL... NEVER... MAKE IT!

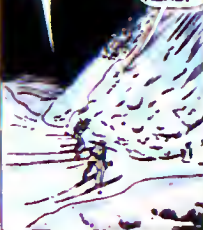


DON'T GIVE UP, ELSA! WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



HIMMEL! WE ARE DONE FOR!

RUN! RUN! IT IS ALMOST HERE!



LIKE A HUGE WAVE, THE SNOW SEEMS TO PAUSE FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN....

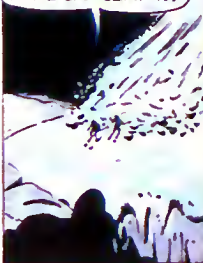


AAAGHH!

OOOOHH!



ELSA! THAT CREVASSE! IF WE CAN JUMP IT!



LIKE TWO HUGE BIRDS, THE FUGITIVES STREAK INTO THE AIR, AS TONS OF SNOW AND ICE ROAR DOWN INTO THE CREVASSE BEHIND THEM!



WE MADE IT!
WE'RE SAFE!



NOT YET,
ELSA!
THAT PLANE
AGAIN!



DUCK DOWN,
ELSA!

I...I...I'M
SHOT!
I CAN'T GO...
OOOHH!



A ZOOMING WING-OVER
AND THE PLANE ATTACKS
AGAIN....



IF I COULD GET TO THOSE
TREES....BUT HE'S
TOO CLOSE!



THE NAZI PILOT FINGERS
HIS TRIGGER.....
BUT SUDDENLY.....



NOW DEY DIE.... OOOHHH!!

AND SCREAMING OUT OF
THE BLUE, COME THE
BLACKHAWKS!



HIGH ABOVE, OLAF SPOTS
Blackhawk CARRYING ELSA!



Blackhawk! HE LIVES!
OLAF WILL BORROW A
PLANE FOR HIM! HA!
DERE ISS A NICE VON!

HE VILL LAND HIS PLANE
OR I DO IT FOR HIM!



SO, TRY TO ESCAPE OLAF, VILL YOU? I TRAP YOU LIKE A RAT!



HA! HA! NOW, STUPID ONE! LAND OR HIT THE CLIFF!



THE NAZI CHOOSES THE EASIER COURSE... AND LANDS!



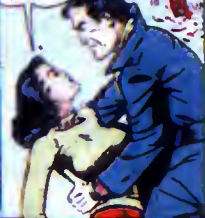
MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND....

Blackhawk... I AM GOING... YOU MUST... ESCAPE...

DON'T SAY THAT, ELSA! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



PLEASE... GO! AND NEVER... STOP... FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM! YOU MUST GO... OOOH...



AS PIERRE CARRIES ELSA'S LIFELESS BODY INTO THE HILLS, A GREAT FURY SCORCHES ITSELF INTO BLACKHAWK'S BRAIN!



BURNING WITH ANGER, BLACKHAWK RACES FOR THE NAZI PLANE....



OVERPOWERING THE GERMAN PLOT, BLACKHAWK ROCKETTS OFF IN THE 'BORROWED' PLANE, AS TWO NAZIS SCREAM DOWN UPON HIM!



DEFTLY HE FLIPS HIS PLANE
SOSKAYS



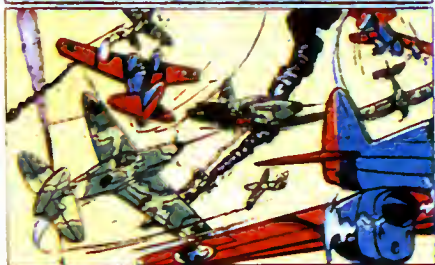
AND KNIFES INTO A CLEFT
WITH INCHES TO SPARE! BUT
THE NAZIS ARE NOT
SO LUCKY.



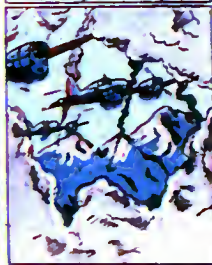
AND NOW TO PAY OFF
FOR ELSA!



THEIR LEADER SAFELY AMONG THEM, THE BLACKHAWKS
TURN THEIR FULL ATTENTION TO THE NAZI PLANE....



AND SOON ARE SOLE
MASTERS OF THE SKY...



BUT AS Blackhawk
LANDS AT HIS SECRET
ISLAND...

NAZI PLANE LAND!
HIM GOT SOME NERVE!
CHOP-CHOP
MURDERIZE 'M!
MAKE 'M SMALL
PIECES!



ME FLIX * * * *
BLON... OF... A
GUN! LUB 'M OUT
ME SPLASH
'M ALL OVER...
P! * * * *
STILL HOLDS
MACHINE
BLUN!!



GEN-
SHLERMAN RIGHT!



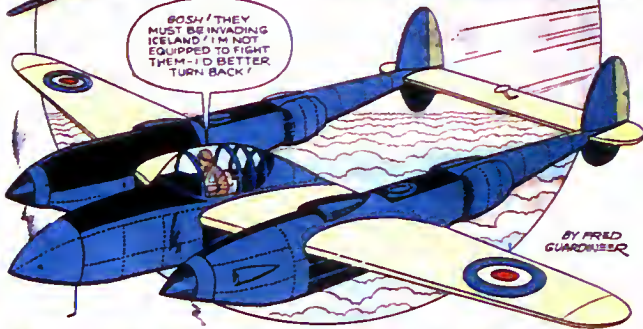
THE

BLUE TRACER



AN UNARMED LOCKHEED P-38 INTERCEPTOR PLANE HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, STARTING ON ITS JUMP FROM ICELAND TO DELIVERY IN ENGLAND, IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A DARING NAZI LONG RANGE TRANSPORT SHIP, A JUNKERS 52.

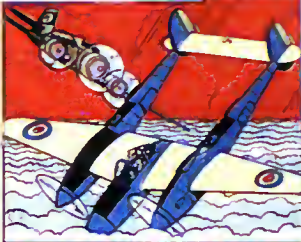
GOSH! THEY MUST BE INVADING ICELAND! I'M NOT EQUIPPED TO FIGHT THEM—I'D BETTER TURN BACK!



BY FRED GUARDNEER

BUT EVEN AS THE PLANE TURNS ABOUT A STREAM OF BULLETS CRASHES INTO THE PILOT!

UNABLE TO MANEUVER HIS CONTROLS THE DYING AMERICAN PILOT AND HIS LOCKHEED FALL DOWN INTO THE CLOUDS!

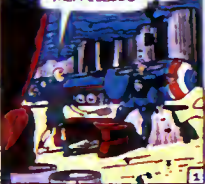


AAAGH!



IN A REMOTE SECTION OF ICELAND BILL DURN AND BOOMERANG JOES ARE CAMPED BY THEIR GREAT FIGHTING MACHINE, THE BLUE TRACER!

JEEPERS! SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTIN' GOING ON ABOVE THEM CLOUDS!



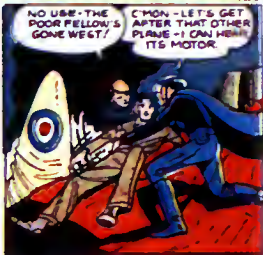
SUDDENLY BURSTING OUT OF THE LOW CEILING CLOUDS, THE AMERICAN PLANE DIVES TO ITS DOOM...



AND CRASHES TO BITS ON A VOLCANIC ROCK FORMATION!



BILL AND BOOMERING EXAMINE THE PILOT WHO DIES IN THEIR ARMS.



QUICKLY THE TWO MEN GET THEIR MACHINE ROLLING FOR A FAST TAKE-OFF



AS THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS UPWARD - ITS RETRACTABLE LANDING WHEELS ARE FOLDED IN.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS BILL SOON SPIES THE TRANSPORT PLANE



AS THE BLUE TRACER NEARS, THE JUNKERS, ARMED PARACHUTISTS BAIL OUT!



ON THEIR MYSTERIOUS MISSION THE SOLDIERS DROP INTO THE CLOUDS!



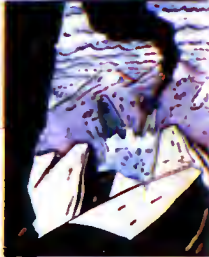
AIMING HIS MACHINE AT THE ENEMY, BILL FIRES A BURST FROM THE QUICK-FIRE CANNON.



THE HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS SHATTER THE SLOWER MOVING PLANE---



AND IT ALSO CRASHES ON THE BARREN ICELANDIC WASTES!



INSIDE THE BLUE TRACER

WE BETTER ACT FAST AND LOCATE THOSE PARACHUTE TROOPS! THEY ARE NO DOUBT A DESPERATE SUICIDE SQUAD OF FANATICS, PREPARED TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!



MEANWHILE THE UNDISCOVERED PARACHUTE TROOPERS MOVE QUICKLY AND CAPTURE A GERMAN MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT CONTAINING THE ROAD TO REYKJAVIK!



EVERYTHING HAS GONE FINE. IN A FEW MINUTES THEIR COMMANDER WILL COME ON HIS INSPECTION TOUR. OUR JOB IS TO KILL HIM AND HIS AIDES. IT IS TOO LATE FOR THE BLUE TRACER TO WARN HIM!

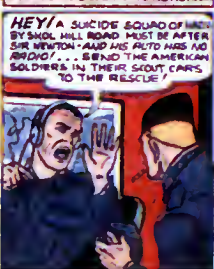


FLYING LOW THE BLUE TRACER TRIES TO FIND THE ELUSIVE NAZIS.



I'LL RADIO THE CAPITAL ABOUT THESE PARACHUTISTS!

AT HEADQUARTERS EXCITEMENT REIGNS AS BILL'S ALARM IS HEARD.



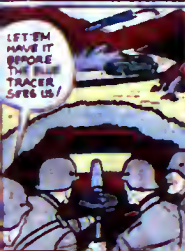
HEY! A SUICIDE SQUAD OF NAZIS BY SHOL HILL ROAD MUST BE AFTER SIR NEWTON--AND HIS AUTO HAS NO RADIO!... SEND THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THEIR SCOUT CARS TO THE RESCUE!

BUT SPEEDING OVER THE HILLSY ROAD THE COMMANDANTS CAN HEAR THE AIRCRAFT GUN-REST.



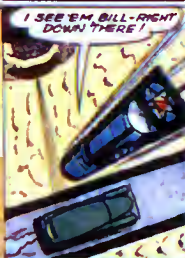
I SAY, SIR-- THERE'S THE BLUE TRACER. WHAT ARE THESE DAREDEVILS DOING ON THIS DULL AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE!

FROM BEHIND THE SAND-BAG BUNKER THE NAZIS SEE THE APPROACHING CAR.



LET 'EM HAVE IT BEFORE THE BLUE TRACER SEES US!

BUT THE ALERT BLUE TRACER DIVES...



I SEE 'EM, BILL—RIGHT DOWN THERE!

THE MOUTH OF THE MACHINE GUN SPews A MAIL OF DEATH..



WHICH SMACKS INTO THE SLEEP PLEASURE CAR.



MY WORD—SOMEBODY'S POTTING US!

AND LANDS BETWEEN THE CAR AND THE ST. JAM OF BULLETS.



GET TO WORK, PAL!

YOWSAH!

IMMEDIATELY BOOM—BRINGING DOWN FIRING HIS .50 CALIBER MAKING GUN!



YYPEE!

...AND PARACHUTISTS SOON FEEL THE STING OF THE BLAZING GUN.



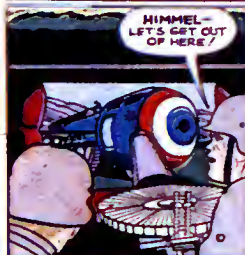
OW!

WHILE IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR LIVES, THE OFFICERS LEAVE THEIR RIDDLED CAR FOR THE SAFETY OF THE BULLET-PROOF BLUE TRACER!



HURRY, GENTLEMEN! BEFORE THEY LOB OVER A COUPLE MINES FROM A MORTAR!

RUMBLING FORWARD THE BLUE TRACER ADVANCES ON THE NEST.



UNABLE TO STOP THE DASHING WAR ENGINE THE NAZI'S TAKE TO THE ROCKS IN THE REAR.



I GOT 'EM ALL EXCEPT THE LEADER!



BOOMERING JUMPS OUT TO PURSUE THE FLEEING SOLDIER.



THE CHASE CONTINUES OVER THE JAGGED CLIFFS...



AND DOWN ONTO THE PLAIN ON THE OTHER SIDE.



PULLING THE RING THE NAZI HURLS HIS GRENADE AT HIS WOULD-BE CAPTOR!



IN THE NICK OF TIME BOOMERING FLOPS DOWN BEHIND A ROCK!



NOW IT'S MY TURN!



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE THE STURDY AUSTRALIAN THROWS HIS BOOMERANG!



RIGHT FOR THAT SHAVED NOGGIN!

TRUE TO ITS AIM THE WEIRD WEAPON WHACKS THE PARA-CHUTISTS UNPROTECTED HEAD!



AS BOOMERRANG JONES LIFTS UP HIS PRISONER THE AMERICAN PATROL COMES OVER THE HILL!



WHOOPEE! THE YANKS ARE COMING!



WHAT'S GOING ON-WHERE'S THE REST OF THE NAZIS AND THE BRITISH COMMANDER?

THIS WAY-GIVE US A LIFT!

RIDING AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN BOOMERRANG SOON JOINS HIS COMRADE AND THE RESCUED OFFICER!



AW-WE'RE TOO LATE FOR THE FIGHTIN'

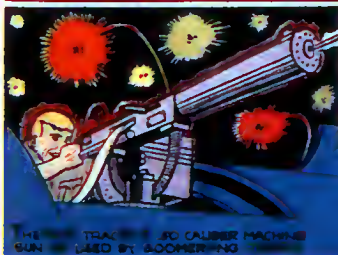
LOOK AT THOSE CHAPS COME!



I SAY CAPTAIN DUNN! YOU DESERVE A REWARD FOR SAVING US IN THAT SUPER DE LUKE BLUE TRACER!

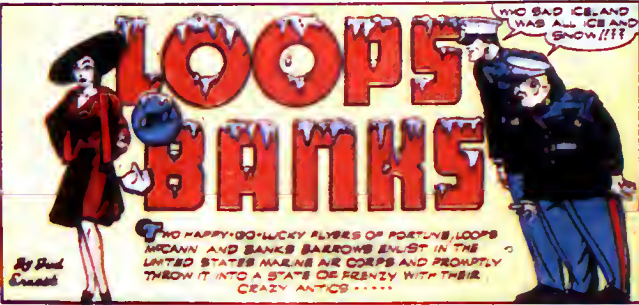
JUST INTRODUCE ME TO THE YANKEE COOK. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HAD AMERICAN HAM-AND EGGS!

MODERN WAR WEAPONS

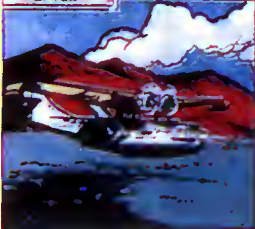


ALTHOUGH THE BLUE TRACER'S .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS ARE USED FOR ALL-AROUND SHOOTING, THIS HEAVY TYPE OF MACHINE GUN HAS BECOME THE UNITED STATES ARMY'S DEADLIEST WEAPON AGAINST LOW ALTITUDE ATTACK PLANES. IT IS REPLACING ALL THE .30 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS NOW IN USE.

THE BLUE TRACER'S .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN USED BY BOOMERRANG



QUICKLY PACKING THEIR BELONGINGS, LOOPS AND BANKS TAKE OFF.... AFTER BRIEF STOPOVERS IN SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK, THEY LAND IN ICELAND SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

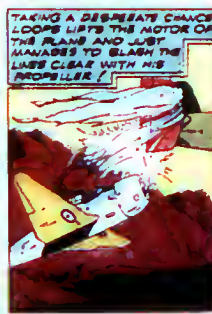
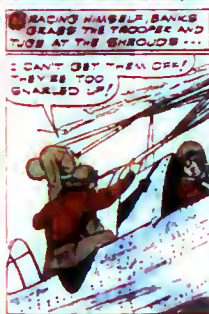
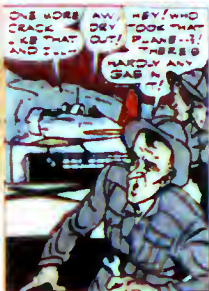
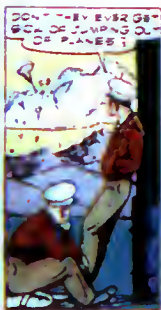
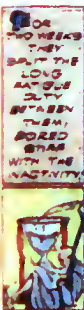


TWO HOURS LATER, THEY REPORT...



TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF KEEPING THE PARACHUTE TROOPS IN PRACTICE! YOU'LL BE ON DUTY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!





DROPPING RAPIDLY, LOOPS expertly, RENTALS THE SHIP TOWARD A SMALL CLEARING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS...



NARROWLY MISSING A HUGE ROCK, HE FINALLY LANDS! AND TOGETHER THEY CARRY THE KURT SOLDIER TO A MORE COMFORTABLE SPOT...



LISTEN TO ME! I... I'M NOT AN AMERICAN LIKE YOU THINK!!! I'M A ROSE ON GPT! NOW THAT THE END IS NEAR I'M NOT AFRAID TO TAKE... LISTEN... MY COUNTRY IS GOING TO ATTACK ICELAND!



"TOMORROW MORNING... THOUSANDS OF THEM... GOING TO Wipe YOU OUT AND BLAME ANOTHER WARRING POWER... YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! GET OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! HA, HA, HA, THEY CAN'T HURT ME NOW... CAN'T... OOH"



LEAVING THE BODY OF THE DEAD SPY BEHIND, LOOPS AND BANKS RUSH TO THE FIELD AND FLIGHT OUT. THE ASTONISHING DISCOVERY!



I'LL WIRE FOR REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE... MEANWHILE MUSTER EVERY MAN ON THE ISLAND! IT LOOKS BAD BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN! AYE AYE CAZZY GEE! ON!



TEN SECONDS LATER, THE BUGLE BLARES ASSEMBLY!



WITH SWIFT AMERICAN PRECISION, THE MARINES SPEED TO THE 8 POSTS... ANTI-AIRCRAFT CREWS TEND TO THEIR DEATH-DEALING WEAPONS...



LIGHT AND MEDIUM TANKS ROAR INTO POSITION, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PH HANDFULS OF INFANTRY...



AT THE FLYING FIELD, THE SMALL AIR FORCE IS READY AND WAITING FOR THE ENEMY...



LET 'EM COME! WE'RE ALL READY FOR 'EM! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!



...AND THIRTY PAIRS OF EYES LOOK UP AT THE SKY... WATCHING... WAITING FOR THE MYSTERIOUS FOR-WATCHING... WAITING...



SUDDENLY A TINY DIVER...
THE A.E. SAID ANOTHER...AND
THEN ANOTHER...UNTIL THEIR
ROAR SHATTERS THE PEACE-
FULNESS OF THE CLOUDS...
AND OVER THE MOUNTAINS
COME HUNDREDS OF
PLANES....



IN TEN SECONDS, EVERY
AMERICAN PLANE IS OFF THE
GROUND AND ZOOMING INTO
THE AIR....



IN TWO QUICKLY THE SMALL,
GALANT FORCES HURRY UP
AT THE ATTACKER, READY TO
DE FOR THEIR COUNTRY....



ON THE GROUND AMERICAN
GUNNERS POUR A DEADLY
HAIL OF LEAD INTO THE DE-
SCENDING PARATROOPS....



COVERED BY THE MACHINE
GUNS, GROUND TROOPS RUSH
FORWARD IN A CHARGE,
BAYONETS GLEAMING....



IN THE AIR LOOPS LEADS HIS
COMMAND IN A VICIOUS
ATTACK AGAINST THE INVADING
PLANES....



SOME FLY...WERE OUT-
NUMBERED FIVE TO ONE!
JUMP IN JEES!! LOOPS
S...TWO-B-E!



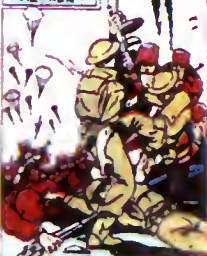
WHIPPING AROUND BANKS
HURLS HIS PLANE AT THE
ENEMY AND BLASTS AWAY
WITH HIS CANNON, SCORING
A BULL'S-EYE...



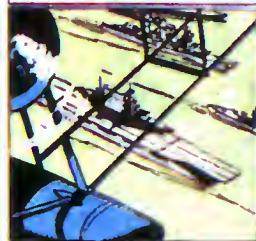
OPPRESSIVELY OUTNUMBERED, THE AMERICANS BURNER A HEAVY TOLL, BUT STILL THEY FIGHT ON—DIVING, TWISTING, BATTLING AGAINST THE EVER INCREASING FLIGHTS THAT POUR OVER THE HORIZON...



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE COUNTLESS LEGIONS THAT SURGE FORWARD THE AMERICANS ARE PUSHED BACK MORE AND MORE UNTIL THEY CAN GO NO FARTHER...



THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME A NEW SOUND RENTS THE AIR, AND FROM THE SEA COME THE BATTLESHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY...



FROM THE VAST DECKS OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS...



...ZOOM AMERICA'S CRACK FIGHTERS FILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR ROAR!

WHILE FROM THE SHIPS SPEED THOUSANDS OF LAND TROOPS, WHO RUSH UP THE BEACH AND CLOSE IN...



HUGE BOMBERS 'PEEL' OFF AND BLAST AWAY AT THE CONCENTRATED GROUPS OF ENEMY PARACHUTISTS...



THE BATTLE IS QUICKLY TURNED INTO A ROUT, AND THE ENEMY SPEEDS AWAY IN TERROR!



FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LAST OF THE INVADERS ARE SURROUNDED AND THROWN DOWN THEIR GUNS!



TIED, BUT VICTORIOUS, THE REMAINDER OF LOOPS' SQUADRON LANDS IN PERFECT FORMATION!



DO YOU SEE W-W-WHY, NO LIEUTENANT BARROWS CORPORA... GEE!!... HE HADN'T COME N, GEE!



THE LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THESE ENEMY PLANES, CAPT... I'M AFRAID... SORRY, OLD FELLOW... WE ALL FEEL AS BADLY AS YOU DO... T-THANKS



"HEY! LOOK! ISN'T THAT BANKS' PLANE?"



GEE!! THAT'S IT!

AS THE PILOTS GAZE ANXIOUSLY AT THE PLANE, IT SUDDENLY DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THEM...



WHY YOU...!! I'M GOING TO KNOCK THAT SILLY BLOCK OF YOURS RIGHT OFF!



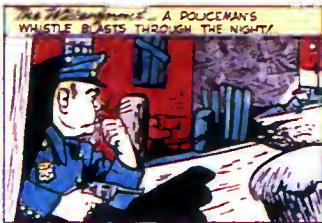
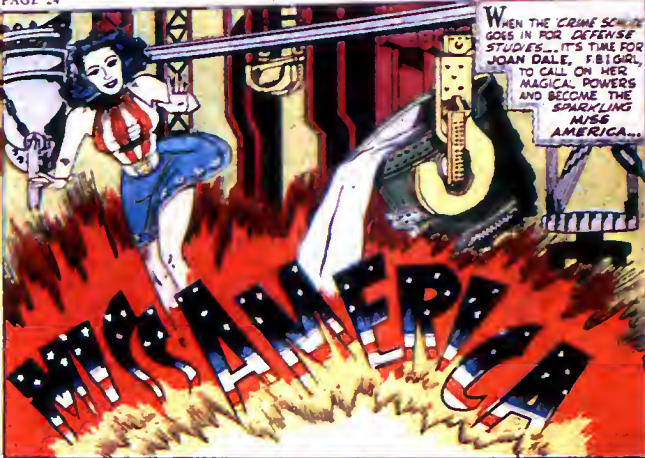
HA HA, NA! NO, NO!

HA HA! VERY FUNNY YOU, YOU SO OX! WHERE ARE YOU? HA HA! VERY FUNNY YOU, WHAT'S IT TO YOU SO OX? TO YOU FATTY I'M BACK, I'M BACK, AN' C'MON AREN'T I? FELLAS-- DON'T FIGHT!



OH, YEAT!! WHO ASKED YOU!! YOU KEEP OUTA THIS!!





Next Morning...AT F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS...JOAN DALE SPEAKS TO HER BOSS, TIM HEALY...

I TELL YOU... SOMEBODY'S MAKING CROOKS OUT OF THESE KIDZ...

EASY... JOAN... THAT'S NOT OUR DEPART- MENT... WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT FOR A WALK... AND COOL OFF!

JOAN BOUNCES OUT...

ALL HE EVER CARES ABOUT IS WHAT'S HIS DEPARTMENT AND WHAT ISN'T!... THE "KNOW IT ALL!"

AS SHE PASSES A PLAY- GROUND...

LOOK... THE KID WHO BUMPED INTO ME LAST NIGHT... I THINK MY INVESTIGATION HAS JUST BEGUN!

AN. QUIT YER SWITCHED SQUAMK IN... I WAS JUST PRACTICIN'!

SHE SEES THE BOYS SHIFTY HAND REACH OUT...

Y'RE ALWAYS PRACTICIN'... DON'T YA EVER DO NUTTIN' ELSE!

SURE! OLD HANK SAYS NOW WE'RE GONNA LEARN BIG STUFF!!

THAT MOMENT... THERE IS A FLASH..... JOAN DALE BECOMES MISS AMERICA.

HER FINGERS SHOOT STREAMS OF MAGIC AND A PICKED POCKET BECOMES A CLAMPING MOUSE TRAP!

over!! I'M STUCK!!

BE STUCK IN YOUR TRACKS... LET YOUR FEET BE GLUED TO THE GROUND!

Fixed AT LAST... THE BOYS TURN TO MISS AMERICA...

CHEE!! DOSE TRICKS ARE BETTER THAN HANK'S!!

...AND WHO IS HANK?

... HE SHOWS US HOW TO STEAL SO WE'LL NEVER BE TEMPTED... Y'SEE WE BELONG TO THE ANTI-CRIME CLUB!!

ANTI-CRIME!! I'D LIKE TO MEET HANK!... RIGHT NOW!

BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES MISS AMERICA BECOMES JOAN DALE AND JOINING THE BOYS IN THEIR CLUBHOUSE!

ER... I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU... MR HANK!

JES! CALL ME HANK! WON SHE LIKE DIS JOINT?



...AS JOAN SEES THIS STRANGE CLUB WHICH TEACHES CRIME METHODS TO "DISCOURAGE" THE VERY!

LOOK! HANK... I JOINED NOW! ALL DA STUFF MISS JOAN HAD IN HER BAG!

...ER... YOU GIVE IT BACK! RIGHT NOW!

U.P.



PLAYFUL YOUNG-STER... TO MAKE AMENDS I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU COME WITH US TO THE ACE STEEL PLANT!

I'D LOVE TO I'M SURE THEY COULDN'T PICK POCKETS THERE!



PBST, FELLAS... DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YAI, GOT TO SHOW THEM HOW TO PROTECT THEMSELVES... PICK UP LOOSE NUTS AND BOLTS... THAT'LL TEACH 'EM TO BE CAREFUL... SEE... MEET THE BOYS!



HELLO! FRITZ!
...YEAH BE AT THE MILL...
...STEEL...
I GOT A SUSPICIOUS DAME HIT ME! HAVE DA BOYS KNOCK HER OFF!



Returning... HANK LEADS JOAN AND THE BOYS TO THE ACE STEEL MILL... THROUGH WHICH THEY ARE TO GO ON A GUIDED TOUR

YES! THE BIGGEST MILL IN THE COUNTRY!

WOWIE!!



Within THE MILL THEY SEE MACHINES CARRY MOLTEN STEEL.

SWIPE DIS BOLT!... LOOKS LIKE DERES A LEVER... I'LL TON IT!...

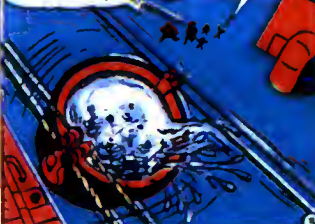
...AND RIGHT ABOVE IS LIQUID STEEL!... IN THAT LADE!



SUDDENLY!

WATCH OUT!... THE LADE'S TURNING OVER

WE'LL BE BURNED!



That Mound... AS THE BOILING STEEL BUBBLES IN THE SWAYING LAZLE... NAZIS MOUNT A NARROW CATWALK!

...A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT AND JOAN DALE BECOMES MISS AMERICA... SHE MOTIONS...

...AND THE MOLTEN METAL STREAMS TOWARD THE NAZIS!



HANK. RUN TO THE DOOR
VE VILL CUT OFF DESE AMERICANS!



THE STEEL RINGS THE NAZIS!

FIERY BANDS BECOME A PRISON OF WHITE-HOT METAL.

HANK PULLS A LEVER... SHOOT A STEEL BALL AT MISS AMERICA!



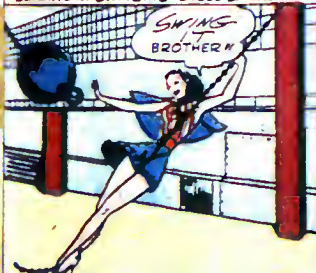
IT'S CAN'T BE!

ME... I'M CONVINCED!



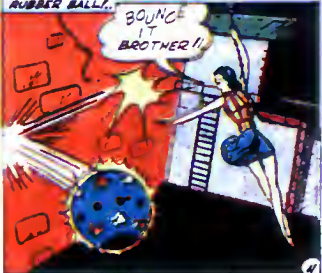
SEIZING A SWINGING STEEL CHAIN...

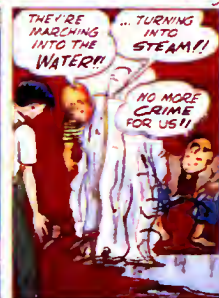
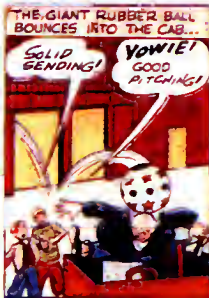
SWING IT
BROTHER!



... SHE TURNS THE STEEL WEIGHT INTO A RUBBER BALL!

BOUNCE IT
BROTHER!!





HOT & SHELL



HIGH BETWEEN THE CLOUDS AND THE SUN, TWO MISADVENTURERS FLY FROM ONE HOTBED OF TROUBLE TO ANOTHER... COL. SAM SHOT AND YOUNG SLIM SHELL ONCE AGAIN FACE FICKLE FATE



GOLLY, COLONEL, WE BEEN OVER THESE CLOUDS SO LONG. I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE AT



ACCORDING TO THE BEST OF MY CALCULATIONS, MY YOUNG STALWART, WE SHOULD BE IN SCOTLAND...



I SAY, MY GOOD MEN COULD YOU INFORM ME WHERE WE ARE?



VOS? YOU DO NOT KNOW? ACH, DU LIEBER!



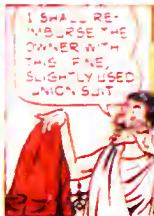
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE HUDDLE?



DID YOU NOTE THE TEUTONIC ACCENT? DO YOU SUPPOSE ALL THE NAZIS ARE RUNNING OFF TO SCOTLAND?



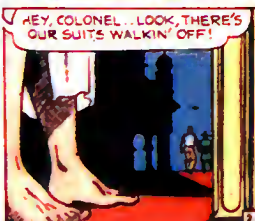
THE TWO AMERICANS COME TO UNDER STARTLING CIRCUMSTANCES.



SOON THEY ENTER A TOWN...



SUDDENLY A NATIVE YELLS "SPIES! IMPOSTERS!"



THEY SNUCK UP THIS
STAIRWAY

JA VE CHANGED
OUR OUTFITS
TO DIVERT
SUSPICION
FROM US

GOOT DER
TOURIST
UNIFORMS
ISS GETTING
TOO VELL
KNOWN

: HIRE DIS HOTEL
ROOM TO SECRETE
DER VAAUABLE
GESTAPO RECORDS..
REVEAL IT TO NO VUN!

I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU
PILFERING BEGGARS UP
TO, BY THUNDER!

YOU, SIR! I CHALLENGE
YOU, YOU THIEF! MY
CARD-- ER-- AWF--

YOU'LL FIND ONE IN
THE UPPER RIGHT
HAND POCKET!

AND NOW I SHALL THRASH
YOU!!
EN GARDE!

SHTEP
ON
DOT
INZECT, BOYS!

DON'T CROWD US, BOYS... WE'LL GET
AROUND TO
ALL OF YA!

ACH! ECHTES GOLD!!

BOY, THIS MAKES IT EASY. WE CAN
PICK 'EM OFF AT OUR LEISURE.



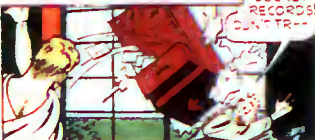
POX TAKE IT! ALL THIS TAWDRY MESS
OVER A FEW SHABBY GARMENTS!!



DER CHIG ISS UP,
GENTLE-
MEN!



DON'T TROW
OOT!
OUR
SECRET
RECORDS!
DUN'T TR--



AI, AI, AI!
ALL OUR
VALUABLE
FILES GONE!
BOO HOO HOO.
HIMMEL, VOT
GIFFS NOW?



THE RUMPUSS
DRAWS THE
NATIVE
POLICE TO
THE SCENE...



THE AMERICANS HAVE
DONE US A GREAT
FAVOR IN UNCOVER-
ING THIS SPY RING.
WE MUST THANK
THEM.

ONE
MOMENT,
GENTLE-
MEN.



OH NO, WE DON'T
FALL FOR THAT
FALSY-WALSY
SYRLP AGAIN!



A PAIR OF VERY ODD
FELLOWS TO BE SURE.



SLIM AND THE
COLONEL REACH
THE SAFETY OF THEIR
PLANE IN RECORD TIME.

A STRANGE, QUAXOTIC
HABITAT THAT. WHAT
THE DEUCE WERE THEY
ALL SO UPSET ABOUT?



I DUNNO, BUT
YA KNOW ONE
ONE THING? I
GOT A FEELING
THAT WASN'T
SCOTLAND.

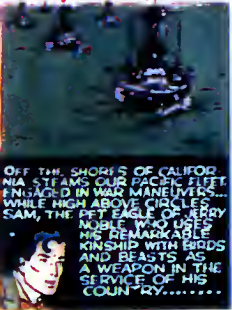


IN ABOUT
THIRTY
DAYS,
SHOT &
SHELL
SHOULD
FIND
THEIR
BEARINGS
AGAIN.
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE OF
NATIONAL
COMICS.

NAVY

YANKEE EAGLE

BY JOHN STAMMET



OFF THE SHORES OF CALIFORNIA STEAMS OUR PACIFIC FLEET ENGAGED IN WAR MANEUVERS... WHILE HIGH ABOVE CIRCLES SAM, THE PET EAGLE OF KERRY NOBLE WHO USES HIS REMARKABLE KINSHIP WITH BIRDS AND BEASTS AS A WEAPON IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.....

SUDDENLY TWO TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE ENTIRE FLEET



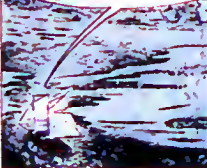
OUR PEOPLE ARE FOOLS! THEY WANT PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP! OUR MILITARY LEADERS ARE RIGHT! WE SHOULD HAVE WAR!

TAM! A DESTROYER HAS SEEN US!



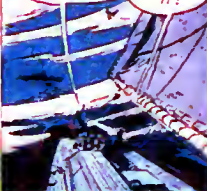
AND HIDDEN IN A NEARBY FOG BANK

HAI! SUCCESS! THIS WILL SURELY BRING JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES INTO CONFLICT WHEN THEY LEARN THE CAUSE!

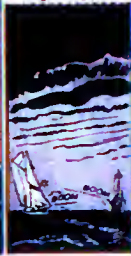


SEE? THAT EAGLE LED THEM HERE! IT IS AN EVIL OMEN!

QUICKLY, MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



HASTILY UNCOVERING A DECK GUN THE FUGITIVES RETURN THE FIRE!



THE SUPERIOR OF THE DESTROYER SOON MAKE THEMSELVES FELT!





THE NEXT DAY, TWO OF THE MASTER'S AGENTS
SNEAK ONTO JERRY NOBLE'S BANCH ARMED
WITH HEAVY NETS AND LOOKING FOR SAM, THE
EAGLE!

THE MASTER'S PLAN IS CLEVER!
WE WILL BAIT OUR TRAP
FOR NOBLE WITH HIS
EAGLE. THEN THEY BOTH
SHALL DIE!



EVEN SO! FOR NOBLE HAS BEEN SEEN
PROWLING ABOUT OUR RESTAURANT
HEADQUARTERS AND THE EAGLE
CAUSED THE DEATH OF OUR
BROTHERS YESTERDAY!



BUCK SMILES ON THE LITTLE
YELLOW MEN, AGI AND MATSUKA,
EARLY THE VERY NEXT MORNING...



THE GREAT WHITE
EAGLE'S MATE!
LOOK OUT,
MATSUKA!



THE MATE OF SAM, JERRY'S
PET EAGLE, MAKES MATSUKA
LOSE HIS BALANCE.....



THE GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE'S MATE RETURNS TO ATTACK AKI... BUT THE WILY ORIENTAL TANGLES HER IN A SPARE NET...



EAR BELOW, THE WILD PIERCING CLAVOR OF THE BATTLE SHRIELLS THROUGH THE WOODED GLOPES. A PUMA PET OF JERRY NOBLE'S SLUNKS THROUGH THE TANGLED BRUSH TO THE SCENE... FINDS THE BATTERED BODY OF THE LITTLE YELLOW MAN...



... AND LOPEs AWAY TO FIND HIS FRIEND AND BARN HIM OF TROUBLE

SOME TIME LATER...

WHAT'S EATING YOU? YOU ACT AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST... OH! YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU...



AFTER SOME HOURS TRUDG'NS BEHIND HIS TAME PUMA, JERRY COMES UPON THE BODY OF MATSUKA.

WHAT A MESS... IT'S ONE OF THE FELLOWS I WAS TRAILING FROM THE RESTAURANT!



YOU'D THINK SAM, THE EAGLE, WOULD'VE... BY GOSH! I KNOW WHY THEY CAME UP HERE... AFTER SAM HIMSELF... AND THEY MUST'VE GOT HIM OR HE'D BE HERE NOW!!



JERRY NOBLE HUSTLES BACK DOWN TO HIS RANCH HOUSE AS FAST AS HE CAN...

I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET THOSE TWO GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! NOW THAT GUYS GOT A COUPLE HOURS' START ON ME WITH SAM!...



IN THE MEANTIME, IN THE RESTAURANT WHERE JERRY FIRST PICKED UP AOS TRAIL...

HERE IS EAGLE YOU ASKED FOR, MASTER. MATSUKA FELL FROM CLIFF AND DIE!



GOOD!... NOW THIS NOBLE SPY WON'T WALK RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP. THE EAGLE WILL BE THE BEST BAIT!

THE STAGE IS SET WHEN JERRY NOBLE ARRIVES....



DOWN BELOW THE RESTAURANT IN THE LITTLE "ROOM"...



WHEN THE LITTLE YELLOW MEN LEAVE THE CAGE FULL OF RATS AND LOCK THE ROOM DOOR...



AFTER HOURS OF PATIENT
"RAT TALK"...

I KNOW IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE TO YOU NOW,
BUT GO AHEAD... SQUEAK...
GNAW THAT WOOD AWAY...
GO ON... GNAW THE WOOD
AWAY AROUND MY PAN...
SQUEAK, SQUEAK!



BY MIDNIGHT THE RATS
HAVE GNAWED JERRY
LOOSE...

NICE
GNAWING
FRIENDS!



I DON'T WANT
TO OVERWORK YOU
FELLOWS, BUT IT'LL
SAVE TIME IF YOU PUT
THOSE RAZOR-SHARP
TEETH ON THE JOB
AGAIN... THIS BOARD
RIGHT HERE...



MINUTES LATER...

YOU LITTLE RATS
CAN SCAMPER
ALONG THOSE
BEAMS TO THE SHORE—
I'LL MEET YOU THERE



JERRY NOBLE SWIMS TO THE NEAREST DOCK.
ABOUT 1 A.M. A SQUAD CAR PICKS HIM UP...

FOR THE LOVE
MIKE, WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE... THE
PIED PIPER OF MANHUN
WITH ALL THEM RATS?



GET ME TO NAVAL
INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS
QUICK, OFFICER... HERE'S
MY IDENTIFICATION... AFTER
THAT I'D LIKE YOU TO FEED
THESE RATS ALL THE CHEESE
THEY CAN HOLD AND
LET 'EM GO!



JERRY GETS COMMANDER
ALCOCK OUT OF BED...

YOU THINK
THIS IS THE
OUTLET FOR
SPY INFORMATION
OFF THE WEST
COAST, THEN?

I DO...
THERE'VE BEEN
TOO MANY
MYSTERIOUS
"ACCIDENTS"
TO NAVY
CRAFT, HAVEN'T
THERE?



WELL, THAT
LITTLE PORTABLE
TRANSMITTING SET
IS THE ANSWER, AND
THAT RESTAURANT IS
SPY HEADQUARTERS
FOR INFORMATION
ABOUT S.H.P. MOVEMENTS
OF THE U.S. NAVY!



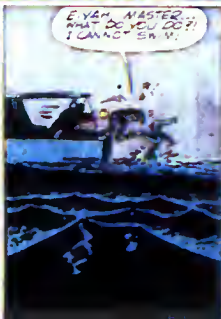
ONCE THE HANDCUFFS ARE
SAVED OFF... JERRY NOBLE
RETURNS AT ONCE TO
THE RESTAURANT WITH A
RAIDING SQUAD.....

OVER EVERY
DOOR AND WINDOW
ARE CRASH & ON MY
SIGNAL... THERE'S
THE RESTAURANT
AND GOOD LUCK!

JERRY MAKES HIS WAY BACK
UNDER THE RESTAURANT

OH... OH!
THERE'S A BOAT THE
WASN'T HERE BEFORE...
AND WHAT'S THAT
IN IT?...?

THIS TARPAULIN
IS SUPPOSED TO COVER
SOMETHING... NOW
WHAT... SOMEBODY
COMING...



BUT JERRY NOBLE HAS BETTER NOTIONS ABOUT AKI... SWIMMING POWERFULLY, HE GRABS THE HELPLESS MAN TO SHORE...

HANG ON JUST A LITTLE LONGER, FRIEND. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



EASILY ON THE EDGE....

THIS UNWORTHY ONE DESERVES A THOUSAND DEATHS. YOU HAVE SAVED ME YOUR ENEMY! HENCE-FORWARD I AM YOUR SLAVE FOR LIFE!

HE'S HERE. GO UP!



IN AMERICA IF YOU WANT TO BE A MAN'S FRIEND, YOU SHAKE WITH HIM... LIKE THIS!

OKAY, AKI SHAKE HANDS. FROM NOW ON BE AMERICAN FRIEND... AND FRIEND OF AMERICA TOO!!



AKI'S AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. HE TELLS JERRY NOW AGENTS ALL UP AND DOWN THE WEST COAST BRING INFORMATION OF SHIP MOVEMENTS AND MANEUVERS TO THE RAIDED RESTAURANT. NOW THE MASTER COORDINATED IT AND THEN RADIOED IT FROM THE PORTABLE SET TO A SECRET CABLE STATION.

CABLE STATION!?!

YES MASTER NOBLE. AKI SHOW YOU.



NEVER MIND SHOWING ME. JUST SHOW THESE NAVY DIVERS WHERE THEY CAN GET AT THE CABLE ITSELF. THEN TAKE ME TO THE SENDING SET...

YES, MASTER NOBLE.

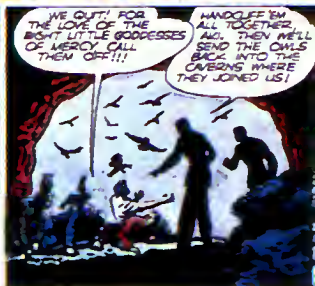
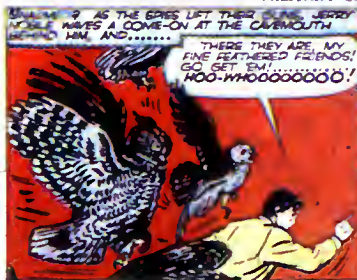


AFTER LOCATING THE CABLE ON THE MAP SO THE NAVY DIVERS CAN CUT IT, AKI PLOTS JERRY NOBLE HIMSELF TO A GLOOMY DUNGEON DEEP IN A LITTLE ISLAND OFF-SHORE...

HELLO, FELLOWS. I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANY SERIOUS BUSINESS!

THE ANIMAL MAN AGAIN! SHOOT HIM DOWN! HE IS UNARMED!





NAVAL INFORMATION

by Jerry Noble

THIS STATUE OF TECUMSEH IS A REPLICA OF THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE USS DELAWARE. IT FACES BANCROFT HALL, QUARTERS FOR THE MIDSHIPMEN AT THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND. MUCH OF THE TRADITION OF THE ACADEMY HAS BEEN BUILT AROUND THE ARISTOCRATIC OLD CHIEF, AND THE MIDIES CONSIDER HIM A MAGNIFICENT COUNTERPART OF LADY LUCK. BEFORE ALL FOOTBALL GAMES PLAYED AWAY FROM THE HOME FIELD, AND BEFORE EXAMINATIONS, THE "FUTURE NAVAL OFFICERS" PAY TRIBUTE TO HIM BY TOSSING HIM PENNIES. THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BRING THEM LUCK!

NAVAL ACADEMY SLANG....
 "MONTHLY INSULT.... MIDSHIPMAN'S PRY!"
 "JIMMYLEGS..... A YARD WATCHMAN!"
 "WIFE.... A MIDSHIPMAN'S ROOMMATE!"



WE MUST GET RID OFF THE
DEATH PATROL! THEY ARE
HINDERING OUR MARCH
TOWARDS WORLD DOMINA-
TION! WE MUST ALSO HAVE
THE SECRET OFF THE
AIRPLANES! YOU WOMEN
MUST BRING THEM BACK
HERE TO NAZILAND! NOW,
DO YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES?



AND THIS IS
THEIR NEW
RECRUIT,
BORIS,
THE
FORST
EATER!

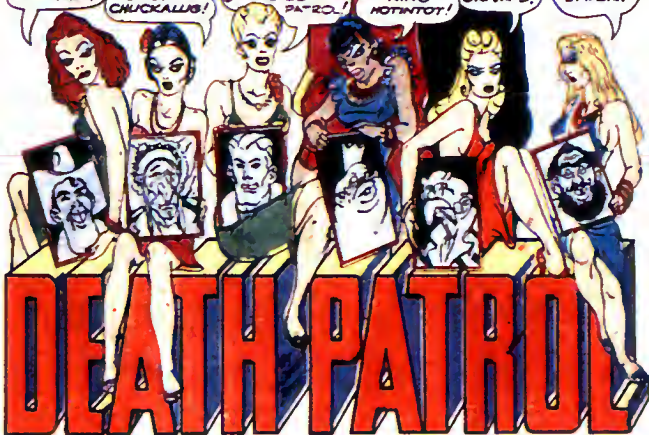
THIS ONE IS
HANK, THE
EX-CATTLE
RUSTLER!

MINE IS
THE GREAT
INDIAN
CHIEF
CHUCKALLUS!

THIS
HANDSOME ONE
IS DEL, LEADER
OF THE DEATH
PATROL!

AND HIS
HIGHNESS
KING
NOTINTOT!

MINE
IS
GRAMPS!



IN ENGLAND—
LOOK MON! THERE
IS THE DEATH
PATROL REBUILDIN
THEIR HOME-MADE
AIRPLANES!

THE JERZES THINK
THEY'RE A SECRET
WEAPON, BUT IT'S
SIMPLY THE WAY
THE BLIGHTERS
FLY THEM!

DEATH PATROL
DID THIS, AND
DEATH PATROL
DID THAT!
THAT'S ALL I EVER
HEAR! I'M SICK
OF THE NUANCES
AND I HOPE I NEVER
SEE OR HEAR
OF THEM
AGAIN!

...YOUR WISH MAY COME
TRUE COLONEL. FOR THAT
NIGHT, SOMEWHERE IN
ENGLAND...



MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE ARCADE, THE SIX NAZI SPES PREPARE TO CAPTURE THE DEATH PATROL!



THERE THEY ARE!

O.K. GUESS THEY'RE ON THE GLAMOR!

LOOK! WOMEN!



IS DAT GOOD OR BAD?

POONER THAT'S BAD!

I AM STRONGER SK... THAN TAN MEN AND TWO LEEDE BOYSKIS BUT WITH WOMEN MY BLOODSKI TURNS TO BORSHT!



MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, MY PORE - MOST PURPOSE IN BEING HERE IS TO ESCAPE MY 562 WIVES!



BY CRACKY! DO YOU REALIZE: AM NINETY YEARS OLD? BUT I WAS TEN YEARS YOUNGER...



BUT WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON!



UGH! ONLY THE WAR PAINT, SQUAW!



LOOK, SISTER: LOVE PEOPLE, BUT I HATE THEIR DAUGHTERS!



LOOK, SISTER: LOVE PEOPLE, BUT I HATE THEIR DAUGHTERS!



T'S NO USE! THEY HATE WOMEN!



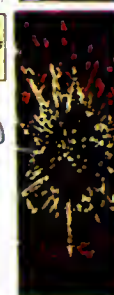
VERY WELL WE SHALL KILL THEM HERE, TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE DEATH PATROL'S QUARTERS...



RECKLESS OF HIS OWN SAFETY, GRAPPS SMOTHERS THE BOMB WITH HIS BODY...



N-HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!



LOOK! OVER THERE! THOSE WOMEN!



AFTER THEM!



TO YOUR PLANES! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THEM!

BY DRRAND THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
FEUNKER'S MUSTACHE! THEY ARE STILL ALIVE!

EXCELLENT/RADIO THE GESTAPO TO BE READY WHEN WE LAND!

SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE DEATH PATROL SCREAMS IN FOR A LANDING... SOMEWHERE IN NAZI LAND

AS THEY ARE LED AWAY IN CHAINS, THE SIX NAZI SPES CONFRONT THEM!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA
HA, HA, HA

KILL GRAMPS WILL YOU!

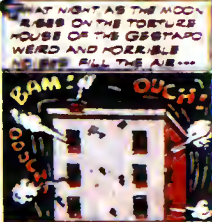
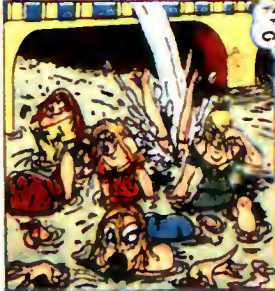
EEEEEEK!

BLINDED WITH RAGE, THE DEATH PATROL IS EASY PREY FOR THE COUNTLESS Hordes OF GESTAPO AGENTS...

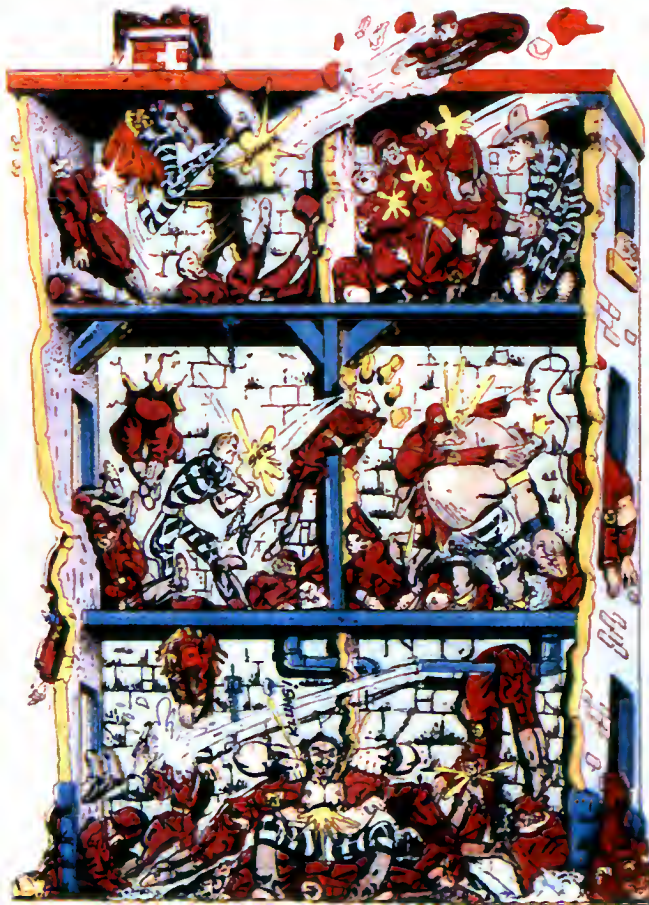


TAKE THESE MADMEN TO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS! WE WILL TEACH THEM BETTER MANNERS!

THAT NIGHT AS THE MOON RISES ON THE TORTURE HOUSE OF THE GESTAPO, WEIRD AND HORRIBLE NOISES FILL THE AIR...



ON THE NEXT PAGE WE SEE A CROSS SECTION OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE TORTURE HOUSE...



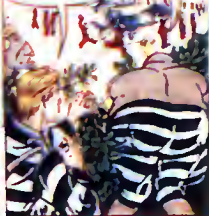
HAR, HAR! JOOST LIKE THIS! BOR'S LEAVES GIBER! O.K.O.K! BUT HOW DO WE GET THESE CHANS OFF?



HAR HAR! A CINOWSKI! O.K, LET'S GO-SKI! NUTS! NOW I'M DONG IT!



KEEPERS! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! OUR PLANES ARE TOO WELL GUARDED! IF WE COULD BUT OBTAIN A DISGUISE!



LOOK! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?



MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE SHACK....

THE BRUTES! JUST BECAUSE WE KILL A FRIEND OF THEIRS THEY PUSH US IN THE WATER!



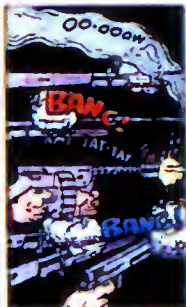
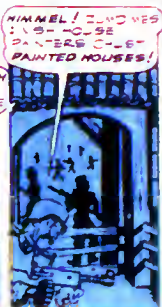
OUR CLOTHES MUST BE DRY NOW... I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR THE DEATH PATROL SCREAM FOR MERCY!

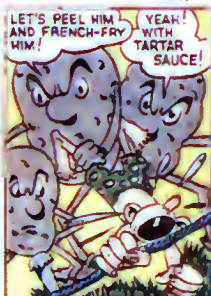


SAY! SOMEONE STOLE OUR CLOTHES! THE DEATH PATROL! AND THEY LEFT THEIR UNIFORMS INSTEAD!



THEY'VE ESCAPED! WE'LL HAVE TO WEAR THEIR CLOTHES! COME ON... WE MUST SOUND THE ALARM!





The SNIPER

I AM THE SNIPER.
I HUNT THE MOST
DANGEROUS GAME...
MEN.... IN THE
SHAPE OF FIENDS
LISTEN WELL
FOR... HERE IS THE
TALE OF A STRANGE HUNT!



"TOWARD A NAZI-HELD VIL-
LAGE SHUFFLED A GROUP
OF MEN... RETURNED FROM
BESTARD PRISONS."



"... Suddenly...
BLANK ST... S ON...
THEY CHARGED UPON
WAITING RELATIVES!"



"... SON MURDERED FATHER
AND THE STORY AROUSED
EVEN THIS CENSORED
NATION..."



"BUT... NOW...
POSSIBLE...
N TO...
72"



"... BEWARE, KRONITZ,
I AM AFTER YOU... THE
FIEND OF THE
WILHELMSTRASSE!!"

Berlin!

...IN THE
HEART OF THE NAZI
STRONG-
HOLD
LOOMS THE
WORLD'S
MOST
OMINOUS
BUILDING
... THE
GERMAN-
CHEMICAL
TRUST

Inside... ITS MAIN LABORATORY...

BUT... DER
SNIPER...
WE WARNED
ME!

DO NOT TREMBLE...
HERR KRONITZ...
YOU WHO HAFE
MADE BEASTS
FROM NORMAL MEN...
SURELY CAN MAKE A
CORPSE OF THE
SNIPER!

A PUDGY PALLID HAND RAISES
THE WINE GLASS TO THICK LIPS!

FAUGH... VIT US PRO-
TECTING YOU... DERE
IS HODDINGS TO
VORRY ABOUT...
DRINK... TO YOUR
HEALTH!..

UGH!
GASP!
... (COUGH)...
... (COUGH)...

DIS WILL STOP
YOUR CHOKING
... VOT'S DAT?



I TOLD YOU...
DOT SNIPER
ISS NEAR US...
... IN THIS
BUILDING!..

...D.DONT
VORRY!..
LOOK
AT ME...
DO I
LOOK
VORRIED?!

ANYWAY...
IF WE'S IN
THIS BUILD-
ING DEN HE
HE ISS AS
GOOT AS
CAUGHT!..
VE START
SEARCHING
NOW!..

ORGANIZE
MEN FOR DER
SEARCH... UND
SHOOT TO
KILL!..

HIMMEL!
SUCH A
RACKET!
VY ALL
DER
SCHREAMING!

DID YOU
NOT HEAR!
DER SNIPER
ISS IN DER
BUILDING...
I VISH I'D
CATCH HIM...
A MEDAL
I WOULD
GET!



OOPS!
EXCUSE
ME
PLEASE!
OUT OFF DER
VAY... OLD FOOL
YOU!!... VATCH
FOR
DER SNIPER

JAI!

AH! I AM NO
BETTER DEN DIS
MOP!!... I PUSH
DER MOP... UND
EFFERYBODY
PUSHES ME!

CAREFUL
YOU OLD
SVINE!
ARE YOU
TRYING
TO CHOKE
ME WITH
DUST!

THE CRUMPLED SMOCK DROPS
TO THE FLOOR... AND REVEALS
THE GRIM FIGURE OF THE
SNIPER!..

POSSIBLY... MY
DEAR KRONITZ!

YOU... YOU...
DER
SNIPER!!

EYES WARILY FIXED UPON EACH OTHER.. THE HUNTER AND HIS QUARRY SLOWLY CIRCLE THE TABLE..

WHY... WHY DO YOU SINGLE ME OUT TO HUNT?!!

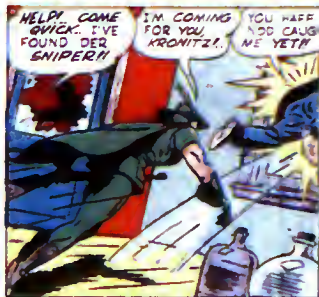
BECAUSE... YOU TURN INNOCENT MEN INTO MURDEROUS FIENDS, KRONITZ! YOU ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE!.. AND I HUNT THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME!

STUBBY FINGERS CLUTCH A GLASS JAR AND..

HO! YOU CALL ME DANGEROUS.. UNO I AM!

.. AS THE SNIPER DUCKS... THE MISSILE SMATTERS THE GLASS DOOR!..

HEY! NOT!! IT'S.. IT'S DER SNIPER!!



HELP! COME QUICK.. I'VE FOUND DER SNIPER!!

I'M COMING FOR YOU, KRONITZ!

YOU HAFV NOO CAUGH ME YET!!



DERE HE ISS!.. I'VE CAUGH!

GOOT WORK! I'VE CAUGH!

Relentlessly PURSUING KRONITZ..... THE SNIPER DIVES THROUGH SPACE!..

THE SNIPER SPEEDS TO THE SKYLIGHT AFTER THE ESCAPING KRONITZ.. BUT..

A LONE GENTRY JUMPS AFTER THE SNIPER... SNEAKS UP TO THE FALLEN HUNTER!..



DON'T SHOOT! YE TRAP HIM DOWN STARS!!

KRONITZ!! HE'S STILL AFTER ME!

HERE ISS ANOTHER OF MINE INVENTIONS. SNIPER.. NOW DO YOU LIKE IT? ENT!!

GAS! AAGG!

I'M GLAD I DID NOT GO MIT DER REST.. DER GLORY OF CAPTURING DER SNIPER VILL BE MINE.. UND MINE ALONE!



BUT AS THE SENTRY PREPARES TO SEIZE HIS PREY... A STEEL-MUSCLED HAND LEAPS AT HIS THROAT!

DIE VILL MEAN MAYBE A PROMOTION... UGH...
GURGLE



Thunder Later...

LOOK!! IT'S DER SENTRY!

NOT HAPPENED

DER SNIPER SS ON DER ROOF... TIED UND GAGGED! BUT... I SMELLED SOME GAS... UND NOW... I FEEL DIZZY!!



VONDER WHERE KRONITZ VENT?

SO DO I... SO DO I!



AS THE SUN'S DYING RAYS SWEEP THE STREET RELENTLESSLY, TIRELESSLY THE HUNTER FOLLOWS A FAINT TRAIL...

HMM... A BROKEN MONOCLE... IT COULD BELONG TO KRONITZ!!



WELL TRY THAT TAVERN FIRST!!

KRONITZ'S JOWLED FACE QUIVERS AS WAVES OF TERROR ROLL OVER HIM!

I... I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING WATCHED...
Ah... -



TAKE DOT... YOU... YOU HUNTER OF MEN!

YOTTH... ARE YOU CR-RAZY?



A THOUSAND APOLOGIES! I THOUGHT YOU WAS DER SN...

DER SNIPER! HAH! EFFERY-BODY THINKS: LOOK LIKE HIM! IT IS A GOOT JOKE... JA... A GOOT JOKE!!



THROUGH DARKENED STREETS KRONITZ WALKS ARM IN ARM... WITH... DEATH...

KIND OFF YOU TO PROTECT ME! ... VY... VY ARE YOU TAKING OFF YOUR JACKET?

I AM GETTING WARM... HEHR KRONITZ, VERY WARM!!



MINUTES LATER... AT THE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE INSIDE WHOSE GRIM WALLS ARE CHAINED FUTURE VICTIMS OF KRONITZ TERRIBLE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!

HA!! NOW I AM SAFE... DER SHTUDIO SNIPER VILL NEFFER THINK TO... BUT WHY DO YOU LOOK SO... SO FRIGHTENED?!!

UH... UH...

GULP!

Though THE SNIPER MAKES NO MOVE TOWARDS HIS GUN... HIS GRIM PRESENCE STRIKES UNREASONING FEAR INTO THE NAZI SENTRIES!..

TAKED IS...I DON'T NEED IT!..

ALSO HAFF MINE... I DON'T WANT IT!!

VOT? VOT?

BOOTED FEET DRUM AGAINST COBBLED STONES AS THE NAZIS FLEE THE OMINOUSLY QUIET SNIPER!..

SOMEDING FRIGHTENED DEM... UND I VONDER!!

...WHO... UH... DER SNIPER!

THE TRAIL DRAWS TO AN END KRONITZ!

WILD BULLETS RIP INTO THE OIL LAMPS!

IF DER TRAIL IS OVER... IT IS OVER FOR YOU!!

... AND FLAMES BEGIN TO LICK HUNGRILY AT ANCIENT WALLS!..

Inside THE WAREHOUSE...

60.0.0 THESE ARE YOUR FUTURE VICTIMS...EH KRONITZ... HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING...ER... VICTIM?!

PUFF!

LEADEN SLUGS TEAR VICIOUSLY THROUGH THE SNIPER'S MAT!..

YOU MISSED AGAIN.. MY FRIGHTENED FRIEND.. ..NEXT.. IT WILL BE MY TURN!!

THE SNIPER'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER... AND A STEEL JACKETED MESSENGER SMASHES THROUGH CAST IRON CHAINS...

BUT FIRST.. I WILL GIVE THESE MEN ANOTHER CHANCE AT FREEDOM!!...

LOOK!..WE'RE... HERE BEING FREED!!!

IRON-MUSCLED FINGERS
REACH FOR A SWAYING
CHANCE!

NOW... I'VE
GOT YOU!

CORRECTION.
MERR KRONITZ...
...YOU HAD ME!

AS THE SNIPER DROPS TO
THE FLOOR WITH CATLIKE
AGILITY... KRONITZ DIVES FOR
THE SAFETY OF A WOOD PILLAR!

HA!...
HAFF AN
IDEA!

BULLETS WING CLOSE TO
SNIPER... HE DROPS TO THE
FLOOR!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS...
SNIPER!

HE'S SAFE
CAN'T HIT HIM
LIKE THAT...
ONLY ONE
CHANCE... I'LL
TAKE IT!

CAREFULLY AIMING... SNIPER
SHOOT!.. THE BULLET BOUNCES
OFF THE WALL AND HITS
KRONITZ IN THE BACK!

UGGHHH!

THE HUNT
IS OVER!!

KRONITZ TUMBLES BACK...
CRUMPLES THROUGH THE
WOOD RAILING... TO HIS
DOOM!

A SKYLIGHT
OPENS...
THE
SNIPER!

HE LEAPS, POWER-
FUL MUSCLES CROS-
ING A GAP BE-
TWEEN THE BURN-
ING WAREHOUSE
AND A NEARBY
BUILDING!

AN ENEMY OF MANKIND...
AND A SYMBOL OF NAZI
BRUTALITY HAS PERISHED!
WHO IS NEXT?... WHOSE EVIL
ACTS WILL SOON CAUSE HIS
UNDOING AT THE HANDS OF
THE..... SNIPER!

THE AVENGER



Military Comics presents the first in a series of stories devoted to the memory of those whose spirit of freedom and right can never be crushed under the blood-stained hand of oppression.

He was a small man, Grandfather Leblanc, small and bent with the weight of many years. Standing there in the blazing sun, facing the young, arrogant Nazi officer, he looked tired and useless. But though his face was calm, his thin voice held a note of defiance as he answered the questions shot at him. "I deny nothing," he said slowly. "Of what use would it be? You have in your hand the uniform of your country, which I wore as a disguise. I am the man you seek."

The officer stared at him. "You mean to say an old man like you has murdered a dozen of our soldiers? Impossible!"

"Sixteen," corrected Leblanc calmly, "and it was not murder. I call it—retribution."

There was silence for a moment as the officer continued staring.

Then, more slowly, he said, "Then you must die, old one. But first I demand that you tell me how you accomplished this thing!"

The old man nodded. "Yes, it can do no harm. But the story starts long ago." "I have had a wife to settle with your army for many years," the old man began. "First, I lost this," he nodded to his left sleeve, hanging limply at his side. "That was in the struggle the world calls the Franco-Prussian War. In 1916 I lost three sons. And six months ago my only grandson died defending my beloved France. In a few moments there will be no more Leblancs."

"The day after I received news of my grandson's death, two of your soldiers came to my door demanding food. There are times when a man feels a greater strength than his own upon him, and suddenly I knew what I must do. Pretending to be afraid of them, I went to my room, loaded my old rifle, and shot the two of them through the heads. There

was no room for sorrow at having done this thing in my already broken heart. As I dragged the bodies to my barn, a plan was forming in my mind. I removed the uniforms from the bodies, and hid the bodies deep in the hay. You may find them there if you wish."

"That night, I put my plan into action. I crossed the fields to the road where I knew your soldiers would pass on their way from the encampment into town to force their hated presence on my people, and lay down in the ditch at the side of the road. Soon one of your soldiers came by, singing one of those hated victory songs to a loud voice. As he came opposite me, I called out in a weak voice, calling 'Help, help please!' in German. The soldier ran over to me, and as he bent over to look at me, I shot him, careful to hit him in the head so as not to spoil the uniform. Then I removed the clothes from his body as I had done with the others, and left the corpse where it had fallen."

"Three more of your soldiers fell for the same trick that first night, and I realized that I could go on like this indefinitely. For weeks I followed the same course of action, and in this manner I managed to rid France of several more of the beasts who had been polluting the very soil of my country by their presence, and



HERO STAMP

#5

SQUADRON LEADER
ROLAND R.B. TUCK



THE MOST DARING
★ ACE IN THE R.A.F.

BY RECENT COUNT, THIS FEARLESS SKY-FIGHTER HAS DOWNED MORE THAN 26 NAZI PLANES—HE WAS ONE OF THE HANDFUL OF BRITISH PILOTS WHO SMASHED THE NAZI INVASION ATTEMPT AT DUNKIRK—HE LED HIS TINY SQUADRON OF 8 PLANES AND ENGAGED 50 GERMAN PLANES AND DEFEATED THEM—



collected more uniforms. But soon this game, too, began to lose its flavor. I wanted to accomplish something of more importance, something which I felt would be a more worthy revenge against the bloody butchers who had dared to trample the fields of my homeland. And several days ago the increased activity of your motorized columns gave me the opportunity I needed."

"Early this morning, before the sun had risen, I dressed myself again in one of the uniforms I had taken, this time that of a Corporal I had killed in my own barn, where he had been attempting to steal my only remaining horse. Carrying with me several sticks of dynamite, I cautiously approached the bridge which spans the deep gorge below my pond. I found that only one sentry was on guard at the bridge, and so I used my old ruse to get rid of him. Staggering out of the woods and onto the bridge, I succeeded in giving him the impression that I was a wounded soldier. He ran to me, shouting questions I could not understand. As he approached, I merely held out the bayonet I carried, and he spitted himself on it.

"Trembling with anxiety lest my plan fail, I hid the body, and proceeded to place my explosive under the bridge, fearful that my slight knowledge of the action of dynamite might be my undoing. Then I carried the fuses to the head of the bridge, and posed as a sentry. Several times one of your men passed by, but by merely grunting in a surly manner, I managed to avoid suspicion. Finally the moment I awaited arrived. I heard the rumble of a motorized column approaching."

"As the first heavy truck thundered onto the far end of the bridge, I lit the end of my long fuse. I then stepped into the middle of the bridge, and signalled the leading truck to stop. Waving and shouting unintelligibly, I caused the driver to believe that some danger lay ahead. Soon the

bridge was lined with over a dozen trucks filled with soldiers."

"I knew that the dynamite must be about to go off. Unable to stand the suspense, I turned and ran. As I reached the end of the bridge, heavy concussion threw me to the ground. I heard the rending and tearing of heavy timbers, and the screams of many men. At I got to my feet, I looked back, and the sight of the great trucks carrying their cargoes of enemy invaders to death on the rocks far below filled me with a savage joy. At last I had achieved a satisfactory revenge."



"The rest you know. How one of your men saw me dart into the woods at the bridge fell, followed me here, and reported to you. There is no more to be told."

The old man's voice faded away, and the soldiers stirred uneasily in the sudden silence. Then the officer spoke. "One thing you have forgotten, old man. You say you stole the uniforms of the men you killed. You have betrayed yourself. Tell me, who is working with you?" For the first time, the old man seemed afraid. "No one, no one at all, I swear it!" His voice shook with fear.

The officer seized the old man by the throat. "Speak now, grandfather! We have unpleasant ways

of making men talk!" The old man struggled for a moment, then gasped, "Let me go—I'll tell." The officer stepped back with a grin of triumph, but the grin froze on his face. For in front of him, Grandfather Leblanc stood swaying weakly, holding in his hand the Nazi officer's pistol. The horrified officer opened his mouth to speak, but the roar of the gun cut off what would have been his last words. As he slid to the ground, the old man scrambled in an attempt to run. "Never tell! Die—but never tell!" His muttering was lost in the shouting of

the Nazi soldiers, till now too stunned by the sudden death of their officer to act. But now, in fury, they rushed to avenge his killing. In a burst of animal-like rage, one of them ran his bayonet through the old man's back. As he fell, the others drove their weapons deep into the frail body again and again. At last, panting, they stood staring at the tiny bleeding figure. One of them nudged old Leblanc with his foot. "What do you say now, old murderer?" The old man stirred, and what might have been a smile flickered across his face, already showing the touch of death. "I say—as I—have always said—Vive—La France!"



True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures



Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

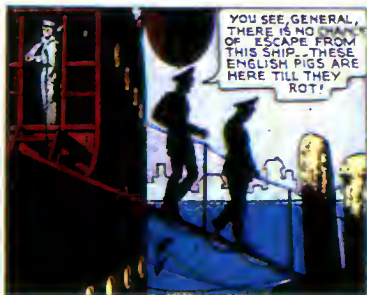
This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureau

WHO IS MONSIEUR X?

MYSTERY MAN RAIDS NAZI PRISON SHIP, FREES 100 BRITONS

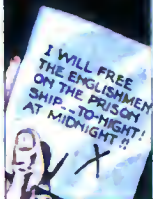


DUSK.. CALAIS, FRANCE.. Nazi war-ships ride the waters of the once proud and free French harbor... silhouetted briefly against the setting sun is the bulk of a huge rust-stained freighter.. But an ominous silence, broken only by the eerie creaking of the weather-beaten pilings, surrounds the ancient hulk... for this is no ordinary ship... this is a ship of terror and death.. a Nazi prison ship!..... suddenly the silence is broken... a door slams... a sentry snaps to attention!

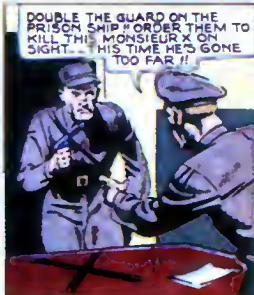




THE SWINE EVEN LEFT
A NOTE !! HOW DID HE
GET IN HERE ---- ?
GUARD ! GUARD !



I WILL FREE
THE ENGLISHMEN
ON THE PRISON
SHIP...-TO-NIGHT!
AT MIDNIGHT !!



DOUBLE THE GUARD ON THE
PRISON SHIP !! ORDER THEM TO
KILL THIS MONSIEUR X ON
SIGHT... HIS TIME HE'S GONE
TOO FAR !!

ABOARD THE PRISON SHIP TENSION
MOUNTS WITH EVERY TICK OF THE
CLOCK !!



IT'S ALMOST
MIDNIGHT...
I WONDER
IFF DIS X
VILL COME!
VAT ISS
DAT NOISE

DOSE PRISONERS
AGAIN!... I VILL
FIX 'EM

ALL NIGHT DEY
HAFF BEEN DOING
DIS TAP TAP TAP.
DEY DRIVE ME CRAZ



SO! STILL DIS TAPPING. EH!
VAT HAFF YOU
GOT DERE ?
JUST A
PIECE OF
WOOD



PIGS ! VE VILL SMASH DIS X
BUSINESS OUT OF YOU
DUMKOPFS !!



PERHAPS NOW VE HEAR NO
MORE OF DIS TAPPING...
AND DIS X





A HALF-HOUR LATER AT SCHEIG'S
GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---

HERR COMMANDANT... MONSIEUR
X HASS STOLEN THE PRISON SHIP.
HE KILLED DER GUARDS
AND DER PRISONERS ARE
RUNNING DER SHIP.



FOOLS! TO LET ONE MAN
DO THIS "... RADIO THE
PATROL BOATS! HE
WILL NEVER GET PAST
THE MINE FIELDS AND
PATROLS, BUT IF HE
DOES, SOMEONE WILL
PAY FOR THIS "

BUT MONSIEUR X HAS CLEAR-
ED THE MINE FIELDS... JUST
AS A NAZI PATROL BOAT
HALES THE PRISON SHIP....



VOT SHIP
ISS DIS ?



VAT IS THE MEANING
OF DIS...VE ARE THE
PRISON SHIP JUTLAND
BOUND FOR NORWAY

PARDON, CAPTAIN...
VE MUST BE
CAREFUL YOU
KNOW...PROCEED

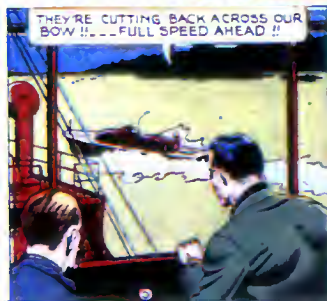


SACRE!
A
CLOSE
ESCAPE!

JUST HEARD
A WIRELESS
REPORT
GIVING OUR
IDENTITY,
MONSIEUR X

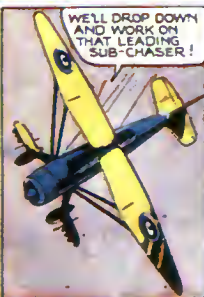


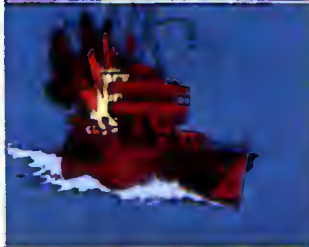
LOOK! THE PATROL BOAT HAS
HEARD THE
REPORT ALSO.
IT'S TURNING
BACK.



THEY'RE CUTTING BACK ACROSS OUR
BOW !!! --- FULL SPEED AHEAD !!







SHE'S BEEN
HIT, MONSIEUR
X

BUT OUR
PLANE HAS
GONE AND IT
WASN'T
OUR
GUN!!

A BRITISH LIGHT
CRUISER... BLIMEY!
WE'RE SAVED NOW

THE NAZI DESTROYER
TURNS HER ATTENTION TO
THE CRUISER WHO MISSES
WITH A SALVO !!



...BUT THE NEXT SALVO DOESN'T
MISS! TRYING TO GET WITHIN
TORPEDO RANGE, THE SPEEDING
DESTROYER TAKES A PAIR OF
8-INCH SHELLS SQUARELY IN
HER ENGINE ROOM....!!



HIT BAD
BELOW, SIR!
WE CAN
ONLY MAKE
QUARTER
SPEED!!

ACH...
WE
MUST
RUN
FOR
IT



BUT THE BRITISH FIRE SWEEPS
THE CRIPPLED DESTROYER...
BLASTING COMMUNICATIONS
GUNNERY CONTROLS, BRIDGE
STRUCTURE... EVERYTHING



A BLAZING SHAMBLES, THE NAZI
SHIP SETTLES RAPIDLY....



THE BATTLE OVER ENGLISH OFFICERS BOARD THE PRISON SHIP---

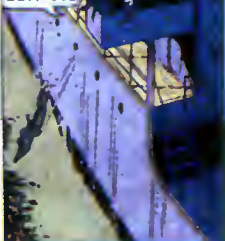
I'M AFRAID, MONSIEUR X, THAT YOU MUST RETURN WITH US BACK TO ENGLAND... I CAN SEE NO OTHER WAY.



I'M SORRY, BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THERE IS WORK FOR ME TO DO IN MY BELOVED FRANCE!!



WAIT MONSIEUR X! DON'T BE A FOOL



HE'S GONE!! WHAT A PITY. FRANCE NEEDS BRAVE MEN LIKE THAT!



AND IN CALAIS, SCHTEIG ALSO SEES THE NEWSPAPERS

SO, THE FOOL IS DEAD... GOOD! WE'LL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH HIM



GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN! A LOVELY DAY TO-DAY, MEIN?



NO! NO!...IT CAN'T BE!



O.K. Fellows! Here they are!

الحمد لله

Jim Prantice

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 Standard Wheel Drive
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 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine
 New 1942 Ford V8 Engine

Jim Prentice

Big New

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1942 Model

1942 Model

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fast moving faster than the
every moment the first to be
us' Flayed with complex beauty
including justice. Beautifully ap-
peared beauty with a contrasting
blue but when complete with Men.
Part, Telling Device, Light, Barriers,
etc. at other will be. 10-11 WOOD, 12

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